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Jones,



The Kenilworth Buffet.

In consequence of the great interest taken in the forthcoming EXPOSITION OF INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS we have been induced to publish a work by Wm. Jones, Esq., illustrative of THE KENILWORTH BUFFET, designed by ourselves, and executed upon our premises, in Warwick, for Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. As a patron of the Fine Arts we shall feel much honored by your accepting the accompanying copy. We may observe that our object has been to show the applicability of high art to articles of utility.

We have the honor to be

Your most obedient servants,

COOKES AND SONS.

15 Suffolk Street, Kensington
May 22
Warwick, April 28, 1851.

To

Charles Wentworth Dilke Esq
Jr. Jr. Jr.

4053
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17



THE KENILWORTH JEWELLRY IS MADE
THE OAK TREE

Printed in London



MRS. F. RUSSELL.

R. E. ERANSTON.

THE OAK TREE,
OF WHICH
THE KENILWORTH BUFFET IS MADE.

Felled in April, 1842.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE
KENILWORTH BUFFET,
WITH
ELABORATELY CARVED RELIEVOS,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF KENILWORTH CASTLE,

In the Elizabethan Period,

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY
MESSRS COOKES AND SONS, OF WARWICK,

For the Grand Exposition of Industry of all Nations.

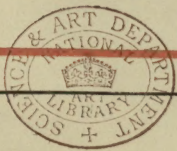
BY W. JONES.



LONDON:

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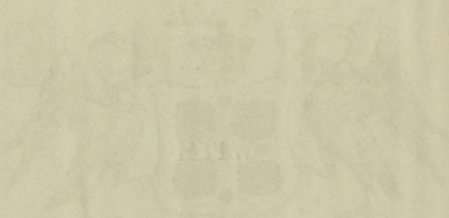
MDCCCLI.



26. 11. 67.

Kenilworth Buffet
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THE HISTORY OF THE
COUNTY OF KENT
FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
J. M. COOPER
OF THE BARRISTERS AT LAW
IN THE TEMPLE



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KENT WORTH BUTT

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AT THE TEMPLE
LONDON
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LONDON



TO THE

RIGHT HON. HENRY RICHARD GREVILLE,

EARL BROOKE, EARL OF WARWICK, K.T.,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF WARWICK,

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF THE

KENILWORTH BUFFET

IS, WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION, VERY RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY HIS

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANTS,

COOKES AND SONS.

INTRODUCTION.

The different subjects on the Buffet, (of which the following pages are illustrative,) being connected with Kenilworth Castle in the reign of Elizabeth, and principally taken from Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth," an epitome of it may not be generally uninteresting:—"The events on which the romance is founded are principally connected with the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth Castle in 1575. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the unprincipled favourite of the Queen, is the hero of the tale. The author has portrayed Leicester in a more favourable light than history warrants, and his atrocious actions are altogether attributed to his creature, Sir Richard Varney. Amy Robsart is the daughter of an old English knight and sportsman, Sir Hugh Robsart, who was doatingly fond of her. The Earl of Leicester had carried her off from her father, and secretly married her; but ambitiously aspiring to Elizabeth's hand, he adopts Varney as his confidant, to effect his purposes. This wretch resolves on removing the youthful Countess, who is the chief obstacle to their advancement.

The romance opens at an inn, called the Bonny Black Bear, in the village of Cumnor, near Oxford. It is kept by Giles Gosling. At the close of the day a traveller arrives, whose name is soon discovered to be Mike Lambourne, the innkeeper's nephew. He is a worthless desperado, who had been absent near twenty years, and on inquiring after his old associates in villany, the mention of Tony Foster and Cumnor Place, his residence, attracts the notice of a stranger, by the name of Tressilian, who is actually in quest of Amy Robsart, his former love. He learns that a lady is confined in Cumnor Place, the result of which is a visit there, where Tressilian discovers Amy Robsart, who passes for the paramour of Varney. He also encounters Varney, when a combat ensues; but the consequences are prevented by the interference of Lambourne. After this, Varney takes Lambourne into his service, and goes to the Earl of Leicester at Woodstock. Tressilian proceeds to Lidcote Hall with the intelligence respecting Amy. On his journey he becomes acquainted with Wayland Smith, a most singular character, who bears the reputation of a necromancer. Wayland has been a follower of Alasco, a vile quack, who is afterwards found in the train of Leicester, and answers to one of those characters of the Jew and Italian, which it is believed that nobleman maintained to commit his poisoning assassinations. He enters into the train of Tressilian, and accompanies him to Lidcote, where he cures Sir Hugh Robsart of the lethargick disorder, brought on by grief for his daughter. Tressilian is afterwards summoned by his patron, the Earl of Sussex, (Leicester's rival,) and proceeds to court to attend him, and also to bring the case of Amy's supposed seduction before the Queen. The romance here enters more distinctly upon personages of historical note. The leaders themselves, and the contending factions of Leicester and Sussex, are admirably portrayed. Leicester is obliged to dissemble, in order to avoid the storm of his royal mistress's displeasure, and when the accusation respecting Amy Robsart is brought forward, he is compelled to sanction the falsehood of Varney, that she is Varney's wife. In consequence of this, he regains his ascendancy as the favourite; and the Kenilworth Progress is resolved upon, for which preparations are every where made; however, being ordered by the Queen to bring his lady thither, he is dispatched by his Lord to Cumnor Court, to induce Amy to consent to the disguise of appearing as his own wife, till Leicester's plans are ripe. Varney has an interview with her, and she treats his proposals with becoming scorn. He and his accomplices attempt to poison her, but she is saved by an antidote given by Wayland, and finally escaping from

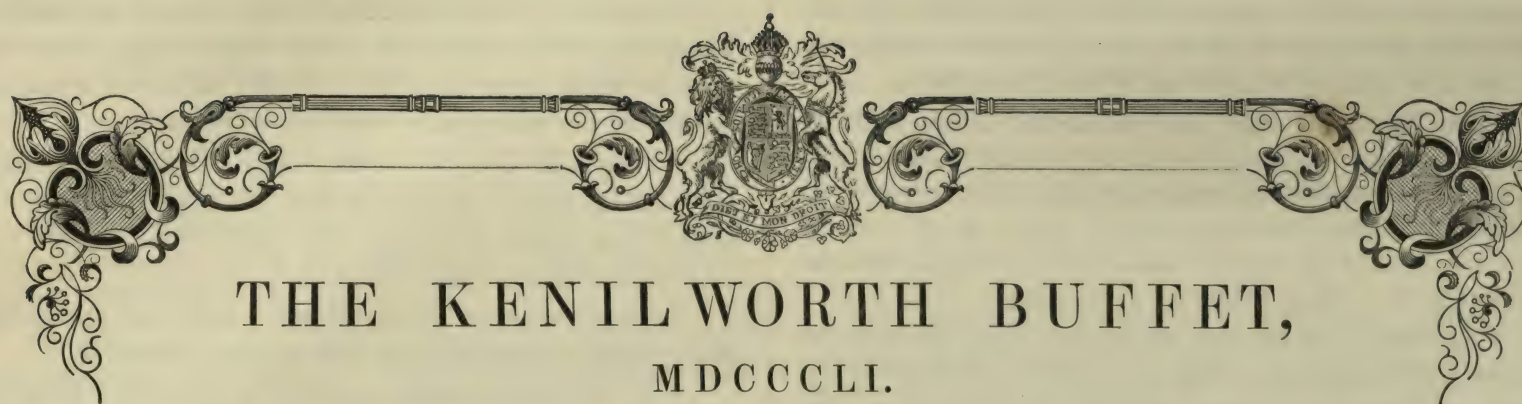
INTRODUCTION.

Cumnor under the guidance of that individual, arrives, after several interesting adventures, at Kenilworth, on the morning of the day whereon the Queen makes her entry. By a strange fatality, the unhappy Countess is carried in her disguise to the apartment in Mervyn's Tower which has been assigned to Tressilian; here they meet, and a most affecting scene ensues, in which the equivocal relations of all parties are more inextricably involved. Tressilian consents to keep the secret of Amy for twenty-four hours; but a letter to Leicester, apprizing him of her situation, unfortunately miscarries; and the scoundrel Varney has Wayland thrust out of the Castle that he may carry his infernal plot, unobstructed, into effect. She is afterwards discovered by the Queen in the garden, and confesses her marriage with Leicester. Dread confusion ensues; the incensed Princess hardly spares her favourite's life; but the tempest is appeased by new inventions and lies of Varney, who further infects his master's breast with foul suspicions of Amy's infidelity, amounting almost to certainty, so strong is the circumstantial chain of evidence, respecting her stay in Tressilian's chamber. Leicester and Tressilian twice encounter with their swords. The last of these combats leads to the catastrophe. Tressilian is disarmed, and on the point of being slain, when the Earl's hand is arrested by Dickie Sludge, (a very entertaining mischievous little fellow,) and the too long lost letter from Amy is delivered to him. This explains all, and the distracted Earl speeds away Tressilian to save poor Amy from Varney's murderous machinations.

The victim of Varney is hurried to Cumnor, and on the way Lambourne is shot by his master, to destroy the evidence of a merciful order, of which he is the bearer from the Earl. At Cumnor, Alasco is found dead in his laboratory, destroyed by the fumes of one of his own infernal preparations. The task of murdering the hapless lady therefore devolves on Varney himself; and he accomplishes it by causing her to precipitate herself down a frightful abyss. Varney swallowed poison, and was found dead the next morning. The news of the Countess's dreadful fate put a sudden period to the pleasures of Kenilworth. Leicester retired from court, and for a considerable time abandoned himself to his remorse. But as Varney in his last declaration had been studious to spare the character of his patron, the Earl was the object rather of compassion than resentment. The Queen at length recalled him to court; he was once more distinguished as a statesman and favourite, and the rest of his career is well known to history."

"Sir Hugh Robsart died very soon after his daughter, having settled his estate on Tressilian. But neither the prospect of rural independence, nor the promises of favour which Elizabeth held out to induce him (Tressilian) to follow the court, could remove his profound melancholy. Wherever he went, he seemed to see before him the disfigured corpse of the early and only object of his affection. At length, having made provision for the maintenance of the old friends and old servants who formed Sir Hugh's family at Lidcote Hall, he himself embarked with his friend Raleigh for the Virginia expedition, and, young in years but old in grief, died before his day in that foreign land."

"Kenilworth appears peculiarly dramatic in its construction. As a panorama of the age of Elizabeth it is surpassing; and as a work of general interest, worthy of its great writer."



THE KENILWORTH BUFFET, MDCCCLI.

TOWARDS the close of 1850, chance led me, after an absence of ten years, into Warwickshire, for many considerations one of the most interesting counties in England; and being in the neighbourhood of KENILWORTH, I determined to revisit the scenes familiar to my youth, and indulge in pleasant retrospections on the spot, where I had passed some of the happiest days it has been my lot to enjoy in this life of change. I accordingly took my place in the railway train from Coventry, (in my time an old coach and sedate team with an antiquated driver, more in character with the surrounding scenery, conducted the traveller to Kenilworth by a route of remarkable beauty,) and in fifteen minutes after leaving the spire-crowned city of watches and ribbons, I was directing my steps towards the Castle, grateful that its hoary towers had been at least spared the indignity of a nearer proximity to the hissing and fretful steam engine, the smoke from which wreathed itself into fantastic shapes in the distance, as in playful mockery of the ruin and its venerable associations.

After wandering about the Castle some hours, I turned to retrace my steps, but remembering an Oak Tree of colossal size (10 feet in diameter and containing about 600 cubic feet,) that grew adjacent, and had often been the object of my youthful admiration, I felt that I could not leave the spot without giving one affectionate look at my old favourite, but to my great regret, I found on proceeding thither that the merciless axe had done its work, and the majestic tree, the boast of this and the adjoining counties, and which scarcely a tourist passed without enshrining its memory upon his tablets, had been cut down, and every trace of its existence had disappeared from the soil. The scene of many a rustic revel and boyish pastime, the gigantic proportions of the hardy veteran were as familiar to my mind, as though I had parted from it but yesterday; and it was with feelings of sadness, I enquired on my return to the town, into the circumstances attending its removal. It had been levelled in the month of April, 1842, at the moment when its leaves were expanding to the opening summer, and was purchased by Messrs Cookes and Sons, the eminent Cabinet Makers at Warwick, long and respected residents in that ancient Borough.

Passing through the shire town I was anxious to learn the fate of the tree, and called upon those gentlemen, who informed me to my great delight that they were occupied in making from the wood, (which was remarkably fine and sound,) a Buffet of the

largest dimensions, and the subjects which it was designed to illustrate by wood carvings of exquisite taste and beauty, were connected with the history of Kenilworth Castle in the reign of Elizabeth.

This appeared to me a signal retribution for the removal of the old oak from its resting place, and the most appropriate purpose to which it could have been applied; and so much was I impressed not only with the importance and interest of the undertaking, but also the excellent judgement displayed throughout by these gentlemen, that I requested they would allow the publication of the following notes, descriptive of the work, which I presented to them for that purpose, and for the particulars of which I am also indebted to their kindness. The principal feature in the Buffet represents Queen Elizabeth's entry into Kenilworth Castle in 1575, and it seemed but right that the tree which had been a mute spectator of the gorgeous pageant, and had perhaps spread its protecting branches over the gay cavalcade of Queen and nobles, courtiers and fair ladies, passing to the "delectable harmony of hautboys, shalms, cornets and such other loud music," (note A,) should be selected to recall to future ages the memorable event.

At the time of Prince Albert's noble suggestion of a national exhibition and industrial competition by all nations, it occurred to the Messrs. Cookes, that the locality in which they resided, (so rich in historical and poetical reminiscences,) would furnish excellent subjects for developing the skill and ingenuity of British wood carvers; and without fully calculating upon the difficulties, expence, and anxieties attending the undertaking, they at once resolved upon the achievement of a work that should rank among the finest examples, our country (so rich otherwise in its industrial capacity) has yet produced, and they have been led on gradually from one improvement to another, regardless of cost and trouble, until the *ensemble* has at length become perfect, and at once shows how much manufactures generally may be improved by the application of high art.

This was a bold idea, for it has been well remarked "that a greater developement has been given to the diffusion of art by despotic governments than our own," and indeed the original and happy conceptions of some of our native artists have been so much neglected, as to discourage others from entering fearlessly into the regions of art.

To these gentlemen, therefore, belong the merit of taking the initiatory steps in the right direction, for the entire design of

this sumptuous Buffet emanated from themselves, and so particular have they been to complete it in every detail, however minute, that the whole has been done on their own premises, and under their personal and careful superintendence throughout, such being the only correct means of attaining perfection.

Queen Elizabeth's entry into Kenilworth Castle in 1575, which is represented on the centre panel of the Buffet, is an event that has been so deeply impressed upon the imaginations of the readers of Sir Walter Scott's works, that people of all countries where the genius of our national romancist is appreciated, must be familiar with it. "How vividly the ancient glories of Kenilworth have been restored by his pen, no English reader needs to be reminded; but it may not perhaps be so generally known, that the influence exercised by the magic power of the novelist, has done something more than this; it has preserved the existing ruins themselves by a spell almost as effectual as though some enchanter of fabulous story had waved his wand over every crumbling tower and gateway, and averted at once all the ordinary processes of spoliation and decay. It was indeed a memorable hour for Kenilworth, when some six and twenty years ago, a man of middle age, with a lofty forehead and a keen grey eye, slightly lame, but withal active, entered its gatehouse, and having looked upon the only portion of carving left to tell something of interior magnificence, passed into those ruins and stood there silent for some two hours. Then was the ruined place henceforward to be sanctified. The progress of desolation was to be arrested. The torch of genius again lighted up in every room so spacious, and they were for ever after to be associated with the recollections of their ancient splendour. There were to be visions of sorrow and suffering there too; women's weakness—man's treachery."—(Old England.)

Robert Laneham, the gossiping "clerk of the council chamber door," as he subscribes himself, and George Gascoigne, the poet, who attended the Queen upon that occasion, celebrated in exuberant language the marvellous preparations made by the haughty favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, to receive his sovereign, at a cost, it is said, of seventeen thousand pounds; and Scott, while adhering to the principal incidents narrated by the pedantic chroniclers, enriched his account of the occurrence by that witchery of fancy, which throws so great a charm over his productions, and almost persuades us into the reality of many fictitious scenes and events he has described.

We cannot do better than extract from Sir Walter Scott's Kenilworth the passage relating to the Queen's visit.

"It was the twilight of a summer night, (9th July, 1575,) the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the Queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen, and barrels of ale set a-broach in different parts of the road, had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty towards the Queen and her favourite, which might have somewhat abated had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time therefore, with the usual popular amusements of whooping, hallooing, shrieking, and playing rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the Chase, where the greater number of the common sort were stationed; when, all of a sudden, a single

rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and, at the instant, far-heard over flood and field, the great bell of the Castle tolled.

Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the united voice of many thousands, none of whom spoke above their breath; or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude.

"They come now, for certain," said Raleigh. "Tressilian, that sound is grand. We hear it from this distance, as mariners, after a long voyage, hear, upon their night-watch, the tide rush upon some distant and unknown shore."

"Mass!" answered Blount, "I hear it rather as I used to hear mine own kine lowing from the close of Wittens-westlowe."

"He will assuredly graze presently," said Raleigh to Tressilian, "his thought is all of fat oxen and fertile meadows—he grows little better than one of his own beeves, and only becomes grand when he is provoked to pushing and goring."

"We shall have him at that presently," said Tressilian, "if you spare not your wit."

"Tush, I care not," answered Raleigh; "but thou too, Tressilian, hast turned a kind of owl, that flies only by night; hast exchanged thy songs for screechings, and good company for an ivy-tod."

"But what manner of animal art thou thyself, Raleigh," said Tressilian, "that thou holdest us all so lightly?"

"Who, I?" replied Raleigh. "An eagle am I, that never will think of dull earth while there is a heaven to soar in, and a sun to gaze upon."

"Well bragged, by Saint Barnaby!" said Blount; "but good Master Eagle, beware the cage, and beware the fowler. Many birds have flown as high, that I have seen stuffed with straw, and hung up to scare kites.—But hark, what a dead silence hath fallen on them at once."

"The procession pauses," said Raleigh, "at the gate of the Chase, where a sibyl, one of the *fatidicæ*, meets the Queen, to tell her fortune. I saw the verses; there is little savour in them, and her Grace has been already crammed full with such poetical compliments. She whispered to me during the Recorder's speech yonder, at Ford-mill, as she entered the liberties of Warwick, how she was '*pertusa barbaræ loquela*.'"

"The Queen whispered to *him*!" said Blount, in a kind of soliloquy; "Good God, to what will this world come!"

His farther meditations were interrupted by a shout of applause from the multitude, so tremendously vociferous, that the country echoed for miles round. The guards, thickly stationed upon the road by which the Queen was to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran like wildfire to the Castle, and announced to all within, that Queen Elizabeth had entered the Royal Chase of Kenilworth. The whole music of the Castle sounded at once, and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small arms, was discharged from the battlements; but the noise of the drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, was but faintly heard, amidst the roaring and reiterated welcomes of the multitude.

As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the Park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the Gallery Tower; and which, as we have

already noticed, was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line, "The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!" Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage, you saw the daughter of an hundred kings.

The ladies of the court, who rode beside her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which, under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them, as the very flower of the realm so far famed for splendour and beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unbounded.

Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host, as of her Master of her Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and specked his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bare-headed, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening, those features wore all the grateful solicitude of a subject, to shew himself sensible of the high honour which the Queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, some of the Earl's personal attendants remarked, that he was unusually pale, and they expressed to each other their fear that he was taking more fatigue than consisted with his health."

"The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the Queen's person, were of course, of the bravest and the fairest,—the highest born nobles, and the wisest counsellors, of that distinguished reign, to repeat whose names were but to weary the reader. Behind came a long crowd of knights and gentlemen, whose rank and birth, however distinguished, were thrown into shade, as their persons into the rear of the procession, whose front was of such august majesty.

Thus marshalled, the cavalcade approached the Gallery Tower, which formed, as we have often observed, the extreme barrier of the Castle.

It was now the part of the huge porter to step forward; but the lubbard was so overwhelmed with confusion of spirit,—the contents of one immense black jack of double ale, which he had just drank to quicken his memory, having treacherously confused the brain it was intended to clear,—that he only groaned piteously, and remained sitting on his stone seat; and the Queen would have passed on without greeting, had not the gigantic warder's secret ally, Flibbertigibbet, who lay perdue behind him, thrust a pin into the rear of the short femoral garment which we elsewhere described.

The porter uttered a sort of a yell, which came not amiss into his part, started up with his club, and dealt a sound douse or two on each side of him; and then, like a coach-horse pricked by the spur, started off at once into the full career of his address, and by dint of active prompting on the part of Dickie Sludge, delivered, in gigantic intonation, a speech which may be thus abridged;—the reader being to suppose that the first lines were addressed to the throng who approached the gateway; the conclusion, at the approach of the Queen, upon sight of whom, as struck by some heavenly vision, the gigantic warder dropped his club, resigned his keys, and gave open way to the Goddess of the night, and all her magnificent train.

"What stir, what turmoil, have we for the nones?
Stand back, my masters, or beware your bones!
Sirs, I'm a warder, and no man of straw,
My voice keeps order, and my club gives law.

Yet soft—nay, stay—what vision have we here?
What dainty darling's this?—what peerless peer?
What loveliest face, that loving ranks unfold,
Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold?
Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake,
My club, my key. My knee, my homage take,
Bright paragon; pass on in joy and bliss;—
Beshrew the gate that opes not wide at such a sight as this!"

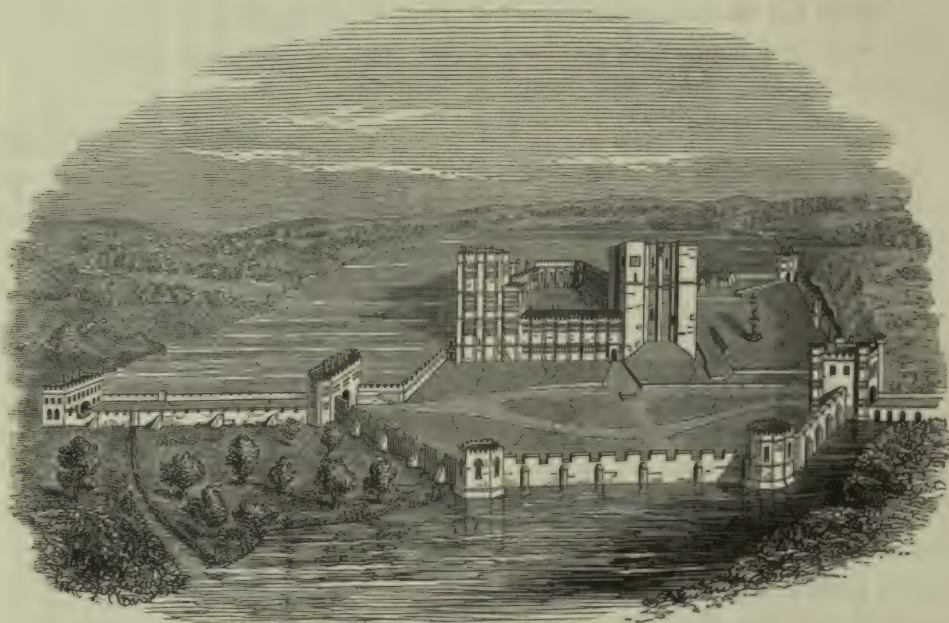


The Porter delivering up the Keys at the entrance to the Gallery Tower.

Elizabeth received most graciously the homage of the herculean porter, and, bending her head to him in requital, passed through his guarded tower, from the top of which was poured a clamorous blast of warlike music, which was replied to by other bands of minstrelsy placed at different points on the Castle walls, and by others again stationed in the Chase; while the tones of the one, as they yet vibrated on the echoes, were caught up and answered by new harmony from different quarters.

Amidst these bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment, seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing so low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the Gallery tower, and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower,

and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted, and sent their horses to the neighbouring village of Kenilworth, following the Queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the Gallery tower.



Kenilworth Castle as it appeared in 1575.



A. Caesar's Tower
B. Site of Kitchen
C. Strong Tower
D. Great Hall
E. White Hall
F. Lobby, and Stair to
G. Privy Chamber
H. Leicester's Buildings
I. Inner Court
K. Pleasaunce
L. Swan Tower
M. Garden

N. Gate House
O. Lunn's Tower
P. Stables
Q. Water Tower
R. Room in Walls
S. Head of Water, Passage from the Lake
T. Mortimer's Tower
U. Tilt Yard
V. Recess at upper end of Great Hall
X. Stairs leading to Vaulted Chambers
Y. Sir Rob. Dudley's Lodging
Z. Henry Eighth's Lodging
AA. Gallery Tower.

Meanwhile, the Queen had no sooner stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided; for as soon as the music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble a small floating island, illuminated by a great variety of torches, and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea horses, on

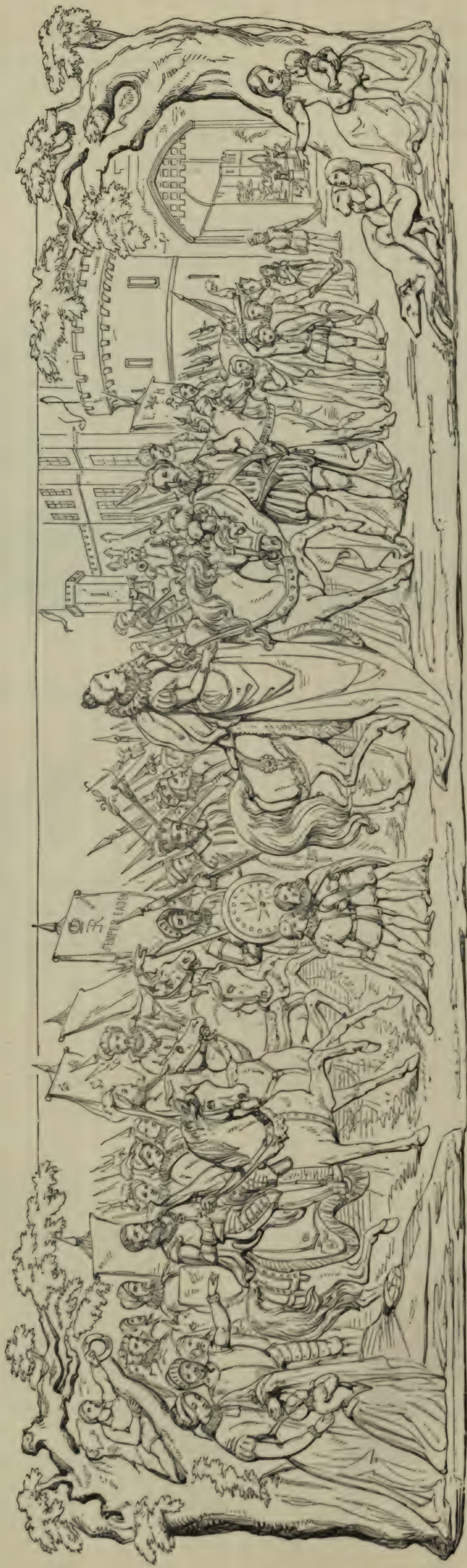
which sat Tritons, Nereids, and other fabulous deities of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake, and issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed, floated gently towards the farther end of the bridge.

On the islet appeared a beautiful woman, clad in a watch-coloured silken mantle, bound with a broad girdle, inscribed with characters like the phylacteries of the Hebrews. Her feet and arms were bare, but her wrists and ankles were adorned with gold bracelets of uncommon size. Amidst her long silky black hair, she wore a crown or chaplet of artificial mistletoe, and bore in her hand a rod of ebony tipped with silver. Two nymphs attended on her, dressed in the same antique and mystical guise.

The pageant was so well managed, that this Lady of the Floating Island, having performed her voyage with much picturesque effect, landed at Mortimer's Tower with her two attendants, just as Elizabeth presented herself before that outwork. The stranger then, in a well-penned speech, announced herself as that famous Lady of the Lake, renowned in the stories of King Arthur, who had nursed the youth of the redoubted Sir Lancelot, and whose beauty had proved too powerful both for the wisdom and the spells of the mighty Merlin. Since that early period she had remained possessed of her crystal dominions, she said, despite the various men of fame and might by whom Kenilworth had been successively tenanted. The Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Saintlowes, the Clintons, the Mountforts, the Mortimers, the Plantagenets, great though they were in arms and magnificence, had never, she said, caused her to raise her head from the waters which hid her crystal palace. But a greater than all these great names had now appeared, and she came in homage and duty to welcome the peerless Elizabeth to all sport, which the Castle and its environs, which lake or land, could afford.

The Queen received this address also with great courtesy, and made answer in raillery, "We thought this lake had belonged to





THE CENTRE PANEL OF
THE KENILWORTH BUFFET.

REGISTERED PURSUANT TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT, BY WM. COOKES AND SONS.

our own dominions, fair dame; but since so famed a lady claims it for hers, we will be glad at some other time to have farther communing with you touching our joint interests."

At the same time that the Queen was about to enter the Castle, that memorable discharge of fireworks by water and land took place, which Master Laneham, formerly introduced to the reader, has strained all his eloquence to describe.

"Such," says the Clerk of the Council-chamber door, "was the blaze of burning darts, the gleams of stars coruscant, the streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wild-fire, and flight-shot of thunderbolts, with continuance, terror and vehemency, that the heavens thundered, the waters surged, and the earth shook; and, for my part, hardy as I am, it made me very vengeably afraid."

With a view to complete in the most efficient manner their undertaking, the Messrs Cookes applied to a distinguished artist for an original drawing, for the centre panel, of the scene so graphically described by the distinguished novelist.

The drawing was striking and beautiful, but fascinated with the subject, and entering with an artist's enthusiasm into the vigorous and glowing descriptions of the chronicler; it was found impossible to execute in sculpture all the elaborate details of the pencil, and the design was therefore afterwards better adapted to the object in view. The centre panel carved out of one solid block of oak, represents the cavalcade proceeding along the Tilt Yard, (which was about one hundred and thirty yards in length, and ten in breadth,) and approaching the base court of the Castle by Mortimer's Tower. (note B.) Leicester is seen bareheaded and on foot, leading the horse, upon which his royal mistress (then in her forty-second year,) is seated in all the magnificence Elizabeth was accustomed to display upon these public occasions. The Queen wears her crown, and around her neck is the enormous ruff, (note C.) the fashion of those times, and in which she is always represented. Two pages follow the sovereign.

The Earl is arrayed in a courtier's dress, shewing his fine and commanding figure to advantage. His bearing is lofty and dignified as though conscious of his monarch's favour, and his own powers of pleasing. At this period he was in the vigour of his manhood, being scarcely forty-four years of age.

A long train of attendants follow the queen and her noble host, composed of fair ladies, courtiers, statesmen, knights and warriors, all the rank and loveliness for which the brilliant court of Elizabeth was renowned; some on foot, others on prancing steeds, all pressing onwards to enjoy the princely hospitality of Leicester.

In the distance, soldiers and a mixed multitude are making the welkin ring with their clamorous joy. A portion of the Castle is seen in the back ground, at one end the gateway, through which the cavalcade is about to pass, close to is Mortimer's Tower, the remains of which are still in existence and considerably heighten the romantic beauty of the ruins.

At the opposite end, the Earl of Sussex is conspicuous. He is mounted on a noble steed, almost covered with rich trappings, on which are distinctly seen his coronet and monogram. The high rank which Sussex held in his sovereign's favour, and his well known and frequently avowed rivalry of Leicester, caused considerable importance to be attached to his attendance on the Queen at Kenilworth.

How widely different the pretensions of these two nobles! Sussex having been the most serviceable to his sovereign, whilst his rival Leicester, was paramount in the Queen's affections.

I will now direct the reader's attention to the accompanying engraving of this panel, which deserves the closest attention, for the spirit of the memorable scene it represents has been faithfully sustained throughout.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the splendid group presented to our view in this panel. The figures are full of grace and animation. The horses particularly, may be considered *chefs d'œuvres* of wood sculpture, every detail being remarkably precise and effective; while all the prominent features of the whole scene are skilfully developed, without the least confusion, or want of that simplicity which is the principal charm in all great works of art.

With regard to the Earl of Leicester,—according to Ashmole, "it was thought and commonly reported that had he been a bachelor, or widower, the Queen would have made him her husband."

Leicester was the proudest ornament of the court of England's maiden Queen, renowned as it was for splendid courtiers, as well as for wise councillors.

The character of this accomplished, but ambitious nobleman may have been slandered, still it is very certain that many of the actions imputed to him had too much foundation in truth.

He was born about the year 1532, and was the fifth son of the unfortunate Duke of Northumberland. His career of court favour ran smoothly, and with some trifling exceptions he maintained his post in the estimation of the fickle monarch until his death, which occurred in 1588, at Cornbury, in Essex.

He was interred in the Beauchamp Chapel, (note D) Warwick, where the effigies of himself and his Countess are represented beneath a massive emblazoned canopy.

The monument bears the following inscription. "Sacred to the God of the living, in certain hope of a resurrection in Christ, here lieth the most illustrious Robert Dudley, fifth son of John, Duke of Northumberland, Earl of Warwick, Viscount Lisle, &c. He was Earl of Leicester, Baron of Denbigh, Knight both of the order of the Garter and St. Michael, Master of the Horse to Queen Elizabeth; (who distinguished him by particular favour); soon after Steward of the Queen's Household, Privy Counsellor, Justice in Eyre of the Forests, Parks, Chaces, &c. on this side Trent, from the year 1585 to the year 1587, Lieutenant and Captain General of the English Army sent by the said Queen Elizabeth to the Netherlands; Governor General and Commander of the Provinces, united in that place: Lieutenant Governor of England against Philip the second of Spain, in the year 1588, when he was preparing to invade England with a numerous fleet and army. He gave up his soul to God his Saviour, on the 4th day of September, in the year of salvation, 1588.

His most sorrowful wife, Lætitia, daughter of Francis Knolles, Knight of the Order of the Garter, and treasurer to the Queen, through a sense of conjugal love and fidelity, hath put up this monument to the best and dearest of husbands." (note E.)

A brief account of Kenilworth Castle, the scene of the celebrated revels in 1575, and which was so enlarged and improved by the munificent taste of the Earl of Leicester, may not be unac-

ceptable to the reader. It was founded in the reign of Henry the First by Geoffrey de Clinton, chamberlain to the king; and Caesar's Tower, a strong fortress, with walls sixteen feet thick, still attests the jealous watchfulness of the feudal noble. The estates were alienated by his grandson to King John, and the Castle used for a succession of years as a gaol and garrison. The ambitious Simon de Mountford, Earl of Leicester, becoming the possessor by the gift of Henry the Third, Kenilworth became the scene of turbulence and rebellion. The garrison, which had been placed there by a son of the insurgent chief, was besieged for six months by the King in person. On this occasion the famous Dictum de Kenilworth was issued by a convention called there by the King, it being found impossible to take the Castle by force of arms. By this act persons who had forfeited their lands in the rebellion could redeem them by a fine. In the reign of Edward the First a grand tournament was held at Kenilworth, presided over by Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who also celebrated there the Feast of the Round Table, where he sumptuously entertained a hundred knights and as many ladies for three days, "the like whereof was never before in England." Upon the fourth day, at the close of the Fête, the Golden Lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to Mortimer, he carried it with all the company to Warwick. This festival took place in 1279.

Roger Mortimer appears to have been one of the most fashionable gallants of his time, and was derisively called by his son "the King of Folly." The next incident of particular interest connected with Kenilworth Castle is the temporary imprisonment in that fortress of King Edward the Second, in 1326.

It was here that the unfortunate monarch received the deputation from Parliament, charged to declare that he was incapable of reigning, and his son should therefore be proclaimed sovereign. Edward remained in mild, but close confinement at Kenilworth, for a few months, when he was removed to Berkeley Castle, and there barbarously murdered on the 21st Sept., 1327.

John of Gaunt, "time honored Lancaster," obtaining the Castle by right of descent, towards the close of the fourteenth century, made those extensive improvements, the ruins of which still bear his name.

Richard the Second is said to have lodged at Kenilworth on the occasion of his presiding at the duel between the Duke of Hereford, (afterwards Henry the Fourth,) and the Duke of Norfolk, at Coventry. Henry the Fifth kept his Lent here in 1414, and in 1437 Henry the Sixth passed his Christmas at the Castle.

Richard the Third was at Kenilworth in 1483, and Henry the Seventh in 1487. The succeeding monarch made extensive alterations at the Castle, and it continued in the possession of the Crown until Queen Elizabeth granted it to the Earl of Leicester, who is said to have expended in improvements a sum of £60,000, equal to half a million of our money. This nobleman left one son, Dudley, a brave and accomplished knight, whose legitimacy being questioned formed a pretext for the seizure of his estates by King James the First. Charles the First afterwards granted them to the Earl of Monmouth.

Cromwell unscrupulously gave the whole property to several of his officers, who commenced their devastation by demolishing the Castle, and afterwards drained the great pool, cut down the King's woods, destroyed his parks and chase, and divided the lands into farms amongst themselves.

Kenilworth Castle is now, as Bishop Hurd remarks, "void and tenantless ruins; clasped with the ivy, open to wind and weather, and presenting nothing but the ribs and carcase as it were of their former state."

The flapping banners, rich with embroidered blazonings, and the gorgeous cloths of tissue and tapestry which once covered the chambers, have all been rent from their places; and instead of them there is the ivy and the long grass, the rush, the dock, and the "hyssop that springeth out of the wall." For the minstrel's music there are now the shrieks of the owl; and for the court and presence of royalty, there are now silence and deep solitude.



Remains of the Castle from the Meadows.

Nothing can be more melancholy, and at the same time more picturesque than the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, as they now appear. These consist, for the most part, of the Gate House, built by the Earl of Leicester, in good preservation, and the only portion of the building that is still habitable. Caesar's tower, and that erected by Leicester on the opposite side, thickly draped with



Leicester's Buildings.

ivy. The kitchen, in which the oven, and other culinary arrangements are still discernable, as are also traces of a well, usually found in fortified Castles, intended for the use of the garrison when besieged, and may still be seen in Caesar's Tower. Besides these are the Strong Tower, the Great Hall, formerly a magnificent apartment, (ninety feet by forty-five,) and the windows of which still contain part of the stone tracery. The Whitehall, Presence, and Privy Chambers, the Water Tower, Mortimer's Tower, the Tilt Yard, and the Gallery Tower.

In the neighbourhood of the Castle are also the remains of Kenilworth Priory; a building of great importance during the middle ages.

But to return to the description of the Buffet:—on the table part, underneath the centre panel, is displayed the Tudor Rose, emblematic of the period, and surmounted by the Royal Crown, with the famous motto of Elizabeth, "*Semper eadem*," on a ribbon.

On the spandrels (appropriately supported by water flowers and rock work pendentives), are marine subjects taken from the Pageant of 1575; viz., a Triton on the Mermaid, and Arion on the Dolphin, playfully alluded to by Scott:—

"Arion, who was amongst the maritime deities, appeared upon his dolphin. But Lambourne, who had taken upon him the part in the absence of Wayland, being chilled with remaining immersed in an element to which he was not friendly, having never got his speech by heart, and not having, like the porter, the advantage of a prompter, paid it off with impudence, tearing off his vizard, and swearing, 'Cogs bones! he was none of Arion or Orion either, but honest Mike Lambourne, that had been drinking her Majesty's health from morning till midnight, and was come to bid her heartily welcome to Kenilworth Castle.'"

This unpremeditated buffoonery answered the purpose probably better than the set speech would have done. The Queen laughed heartily, and swore (in her turn) that he had made the best speech she had heard that day. Lambourne, who instantly saw his jest had saved his bones, jumped on shore, gave his dolphin a kick, and declared he would never meddle with fish again, except at dinner."

The door panel on the right or dexter side of the Buffet, recalls the scene in the same work, where Queen Elizabeth meets Amy Robsart in the grotto in the grounds of Kenilworth Castle. A hunt is proposed for the Queen's amusement; and at an early hour of the morning of the appointed day, Elizabeth leaves her chamber, and meeting Leicester, proceeds to the pleasure and gardens leaning on the Earl's arm.

"Horses in the meanwhile neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers, lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view, or, to speak more justly towards him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The Queen—an accomplished and handsome woman—the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain, had probably listened with more than usual favour to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the Earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents—"No, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her sovereign—No, Leicester, urge it no more—Were I as others, free to seek my own happiness—then, indeed—but it cannot—cannot be.—Delay the chase—delay it for half an hour—and leave me, my lord."

"How, leave you, madam!" said Leicester,—"Has my madness offended you?"

"No, Leicester, not so!" answered the Queen hastily; "but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go—but go not far from hence—and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy."

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself—"Were it possible—were it *but* possible!—but no—no—Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone."

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she had heard approaching, the Queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless, and yet but too successful, rival lay concealed.

The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments, called rocking-stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace towards the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the Queen became aware, that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain, which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria, and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad, whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue, or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the stately form which approached her, and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady, who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands, perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure, where so many masquers and revellers were assembled; so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was well justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and the fixed eye.



Mervyn's Bower "the apartment, or rather the prison, of the unfortunate Countess of Leicester."—Scott.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned, that by the doubtful light it could not be

distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness, that the astonishment which had kept Amy immoveable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes, and drooped her head under the commanding gaze of the Sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness,—“How now, fair Nymph of this lovely grotto—art thou spell-bound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear?—We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee.”

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate Countess dropped on her knee before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

“What may this mean?” she said; “this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel—what wouldst thou have with us?”

“Your protection, madam,” faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

“Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it,” replied the Queen; “but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?”

Amy hastily endeavoured to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the Queen's repeated inquiries, in what she sought protection, only falter out, “Alas! I know not.”

“This is folly, maiden,” said Elizabeth impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant, which irritated her curiosity, as well as interested her feelings. “The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are we accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer.”

“I request—I implore,” stammered forth the unfortunate Countess,—“I beseech your gracious protection—against—against one Varney.” She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

“What, Varney,—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester!—What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?”

“I—I—was his prisoner—and he practised on my life—and I broke forth to—to—”

“To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless,” said Elizabeth. “Thou shalt have it—that is, if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost.—Thou art,” she said, bending on the Countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost

soul,—“thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?”

“Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious Princess!” said Amy, dropping once more on her knee from which she had arisen.

“For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?” said Elizabeth; for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches—Thou didst deceive thine old and honoured father—thy look confesses it—cheated Master Tressilian—thy blush avouches it—and married this same Varney.”

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the Queen eagerly, with, “No, madam, no—as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!”

The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, “Why, God ha' mercy, woman!—I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman,” she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practised on her,—“tell me, woman—for by God's day, I WILL know—whose wife, or whose paramour, art thou? Speak out, and be speedy—Thou hadst better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth.”

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of the precipice, which she saw, but could not avoid,—permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, “The Earl of Leicester knows it all.”

“The Earl of Leicester!” said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment—“The Earl of Leicester!” she repeated, with kindling anger,—“Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!”

It is this moment the artist has seized upon to embody the life-like and beautiful figures, so ably contrasted; the timorous sylph-like Amy, and the stern, majestic Queen.

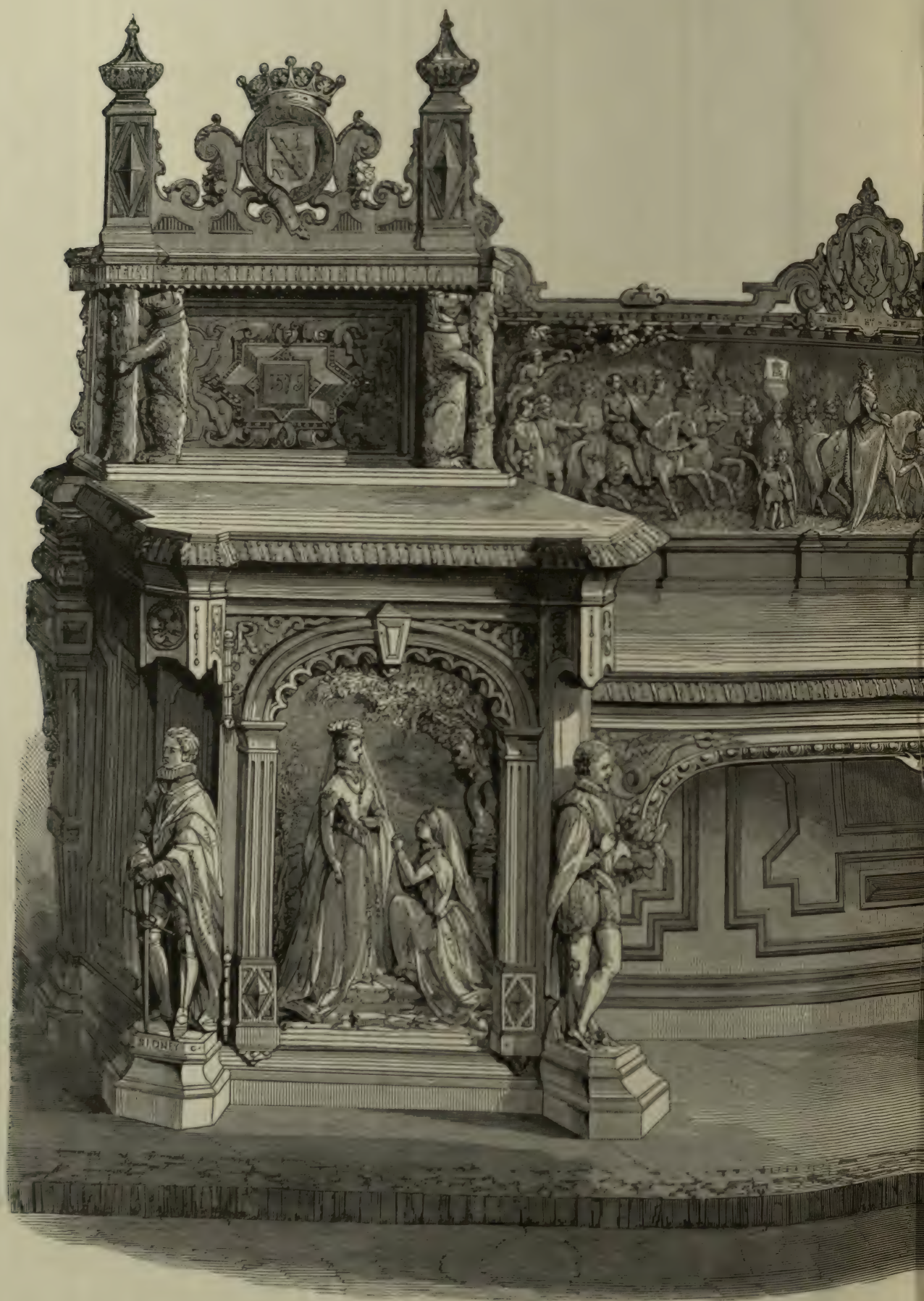
The material from which Sir Walter Scott derived the ground work of Kenilworth, in such as relates to Amy Robsart, will be found in Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, (vol. 1, p. 149,) and is there related thus:—

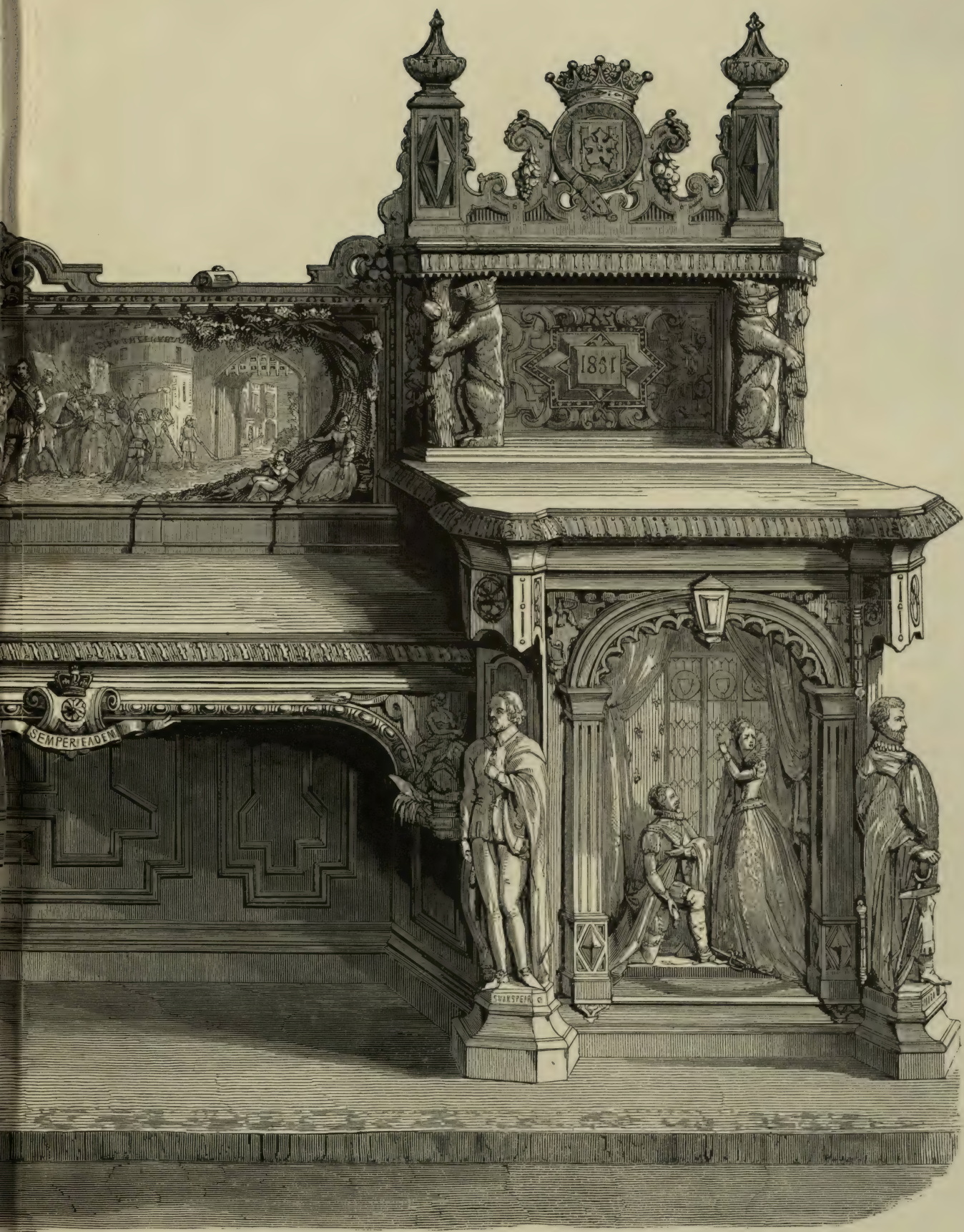
“At the west end of the church are the ruins of a manor, anciently belonging (as a cell or place of removal, as some report) to the monks of Abington. At the Dissolution, the said manor, or lordship, was conveyed to one — Owen, (I believe,) the possessor of Godstow then.

In the hall, over the chimney, I find Abington arms cut in stone, viz., a patonce between four martlets; and also another escutcheon, viz., a lion rampant, and several mitres cut in stone about the house. There is also in the said house, a chamber called Dudley's chamber, where the Earl of Leicester's wife was murdered; of which this is the story following:

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen









Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor or widower, the Queen would have made him her husband; to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands, or perhaps, with fair flattering intreaties, desires his wife to repose herself here at his servant Anthony Forster's house, who then lived in the aforesaid manor-house; and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, (a prompter to this design,) at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever to dispatch her. This, it seems, was proved by the report of Dr. Walter Bayly, sometime fellow of New College, then living in Oxford, and professor of physic in that university; whom, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the Earl endeavoured to displace him from the court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain, that there was a practice in Cumnor among the conspirators, to have poisoned this poor innocent lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner:—They seeing the good lady sad and heavy, (as one that well knew by her other handling, that her death was not far off,) began to persuade her that her present disease was abundance of melancholy and other humours, &c., and therefore would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refusing to do, as still suspecting the worst; whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for Dr. Bayly, and entreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would fetch the same from Oxford; meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the doctor upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of physic, and therefore he peremptorily denied their request; misdoubting, (as he afterwards reported,) lest, if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might after have been hanged for a colour of their sin, and the doctor remained still well assured, that this way taking no effect, she would not long escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus. For Sir Richard Varney above-said, (the chief projector in this design,) who, by the Earl's order, remained that day of her death alone with her, with one man only and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abington market, about three miles' distant from this place; they (I say, whether first stifling her, or else strangling her) afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down stairs, (but still without hurting her hood that was upon her head,) yet the inhabitants will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay, to another where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villainy. But behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder, for one of the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder was afterwards taken for a felony in the Marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away in the prison by the Earl's appointment; and Sir Richard Varney, the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note, (who hath related the same to others since,) not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Forster, likewise, after

this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this, and with much melancholy and pensiveness, (some say with madness,) pined and drooped away. The wife also of Bald Butler, kinsman to the Earl, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. Neither are these following passages to be forgotten, that as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her before the coroner had given in his inquest, (which the Earl himself condemned as not done advisedly,) which her father, or Sir John Robertsett, (as I suppose,) hearing of, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the coroner to sit upon her, and farther inquiry to be made concerning this business to the full; but it was generally thought that the Earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business betwixt them; and the good Earl, to make plain to the world the great love he bare to her while alive, and what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart, caused (though the thing, by these and other means, was beaten into the heads of the principal men of the university of Oxford) her body to be re-buried in Saint Mary's church in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable, when Dr. Babington, the Earl's chaplain, did preach the funeral sermon, he tripped once or twice in his speech, by recommending to their memories that virtuous lady so pitifully *murdered*, instead of saying pitifully slain."

The subject of the left door panel of the Buffet represents the interview of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, after the deceit practised upon her was exposed, and the Earl's marriage with Amy Robsart was avowed.

Amy had been removed from Kenilworth Castle to Cumnor Place by the intrigues of the unscrupulous Varney, for the purpose of accomplishing her destruction; and Leicester,—to whom the villany of his attendant had become known, and all the falsehood of his insinuations against the Countess proved,—in a fit of repentance asks an audience of the Queen, and acknowledges Amy as his wife.

"Why, what is the matter?" said Tressilian, letting go the boy, (Dickon,) who sprung to the ground like a feather, and himself dismounting at the same time.

"Why no one knows the matter," replied Blount, "I cannot smell it out myself, though I have a nose like other courtiers. Only my Lord of Leicester has galloped along the bridge as if he would have rode over all in his passage; demanded an audience of the Queen; and is closeted even now with her, and Burleigh, and Walsingham—and you are called for—but whether the matter be treason or worse, no one knows."

"Tressilian traversed the full length of the great hall, in which the astonished courtiers formed various groups, and were whispering mysteriously together, while all kept their eyes fixed on the door, which led from the upper end of the hall into the Queen's withdrawing apartment. Raleigh pointed to the door—Tressilian knocked, and was instantly admitted. Many a neck was stretched to gain a view into the interior of the apartment; but the tapestry which covered the door on the inside was dropped too suddenly to admit the slightest gratification of curiosity.

Upon entrance, Tressilian found himself, not without a strong palpitation of heart, in the presence of Elizabeth, who was walking to and fro in a violent agitation, which she seemed to scorn to conceal, while two or three of her most sage and confidential counsellors exchanged anxious looks with each other, but delayed

speaking till her wrath had abated. Before the empty chair of state in which she had been seated, and which was half pushed aside by the violence with which she had started from it, knelt Leicester, his arms crossed, and his brows bent on the ground, still and motionless as the effigies upon a sepulchre. Beside him stood the Lord Shrewsbury, then Earl Marshal of England, holding his baton of office—the Earl's sword was unbuckled, and lay before him on the floor.

"Ho, sir!" said the Queen, coming close up to Tressilian, and stamping on the floor with the action and manner of Henry himself; "*you* knew of this fair work—*you* are an accomplice in this deception which has been practised on us—*you* have been a main cause of our doing injustice?" Tressilian dropped on his knee before the Queen, his sense showing him the risk of attempting any defence at that moment of irritation. "Art dumb, sirrah!" she continued; "thou know'st of this affair—dost thou not?"

"Not, gracious madam, that this poor lady was Countess of Leicester."

"Nor shall any one know her for such," said Elizabeth. "Death of my life! Countess of Leicester!—I say Dame Amy Dudley—and well if she hath not cause to write herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley."

"Madame," said Leicester, "do with me what it may be your will to do—but work no injury on this gentleman—he hath in no way deserved it."

"And will he be the better for thy intercession," said the Queen, leaving Tressilian, who slowly arose, and rushing to Leicester, who continued kneeling,—"*the better for thy intercession, thou doubly false—thou doubly forsworn?—of thy intercession, whose villainy hath made me ridiculous to my subjects, and odious to myself?—I could tear out mine eyes for their blindness!*"

The demeanour of Elizabeth in this relieve, exhibits more of suppressed anger and mortified love, than vehemence of passion, and is a truthful conception of the artist; for the numerous favors and honors showered upon the Queen's unworthy favorite, are certain proofs of a more than ordinary partiality.

Leicester is shewn in a kneeling position, with one hand on his breast, and the other extended towards Elizabeth, as if appealing to her sensibility. His handsome features are lighted up with an expression of deep earnestness, and a dignity, contrasting with the posture of humility, in which the proud Earl is placed. The scene represents a lattice window and other appurtenances of the period, in the withdrawing room of Kenilworth Castle.

The two massive doors to the Buffet are supported by ornamental hinges, measuring thirty-three inches by twenty-five inches; and the monogram of the potent Earl of Leicester is beautifully introduced on the inner side of the door. To ensure excellence of workmanship these fine specimens had to be drilled out of solid slabs of wrought metal.

Having noticed the carved panels of the Buffet, the observer's attention may be now directed to the four richly finished statuettes at the corners, emblematic of the golden reign of Elizabeth.

Every age possesses its peculiar characteristics of greatness, whether in science, literature, or arms; but the era of Queen Elizabeth was remarkably prolific in men of genius, whose productions are the glory of our own times, and heroes, whose

achievements have been the incentives to modern discoveries, and to brilliant actions by sea and land.

With commendable good taste, therefore, the designers of the Kenilworth Buffet, have introduced figures of those personages, with their peculiar attributes of excellence, who more prominently adorned the times of the Maiden Queen.

At the extreme corner of the right, or dexter pedestal is represented

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY,

who in qualities of mind, has rarely been equalled, in ancient or modern times; and certainly the memory of no man has descended to posterity with more veneration, and, we may even add affection.

Sydney is also, in some measure, identified with Kenilworth, at which castle it may be presumed he was a frequent guest, for the stately and accomplished Earl of Leicester was his uncle, and held him in peculiar esteem, as indeed every one did who had intercourse with him during his brief but brilliant career.

Not one dissentient voice among his contemporaries has been heard against the young poet and warrior, and this is the more remarkable, as few persons of exalted station or genius in that era, have escaped calumny or satire.

Sir Philip Sydney's character displays almost unvaried excellence. His splendour of talents and purity of mind were, if possible, exceeded only by the kindness and simplicity of his heart.

His short but matchless career was closed by a death in which the highest military glory was even more than rivalled, not only by those degrees of consolation usually derived from religion and patience, but by the piety of a saint and the constancy of a stoic; a life on which all terms of panegyric seem to have been exhausted.

Sir Fulke Greville, his cousin and schoolfellow, and his first biographer, says of him:—

"Of his youth I will report no other than this: that though I lived with him and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man; with such a steadiness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk even of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so that even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn, above that they had usually read or taught."

Sir Philip Sydney was born Nov. 29th, 1554, and received his early tuition at a school in Shrewsbury. At the age of twelve years he wrote to his father not only in Latin but in French. He was removed to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1569, where he became acquainted with Camden, the historian, who says of him, "he was born into the world to shew unto his age a sample of ancient virtues."

Sydney studied also for some time at Cambridge, and there confirmed that close friendship for Greville, which the latter so emphatically commemorated on his own tomb, (note r.) in the Collegiate Church at Warwick, by this inscription:—

"Fvlke Grevill, servant to Qveene Elizabeth, Concellor to King Iames, and frend to Sir Philip Sidney: Trophœum Peccati."

Sydney concluded his academical studies at the age of seventeen; and in 1576 he was appointed Ambassador to the Emperor Rodolph, with secret instructions to negotiate a union of the Protestant States against the Pope and Philip of Spain, which

succeeded through his influence and address. William the First, Prince of Orange, termed him "one of the ripest and greatest councillors of state of that day in Europe."

Sydney returned to England and passed eight years in retirement, disliking the Court; yet highly esteemed by Queen Elizabeth, who is even said to have received his counsels with gentleness. It was here he composed his Pastorals, and other productions.

He was appointed Governor of Flushing, and General of the Horse under his uncle Leicester, who was Commander in Chief of the English forces in the Low Countries; and he exhibited in those capacities the wonderful variety and power of his mind. He whose pen had so lately been dedicated to the soft and sweet relaxation of poesy and pastoral romance, now writing from his tent amidst the din of war, with the stern simplicity and short-breathed impatience of an old soldier. At the siege of Zutphen, a strong town in Guelderland, Sir Philip Sydney received a musket shot a little above the left knee, which shattered the bone and passed upwards towards the body. The incident that followed is well known, but cannot be too often repeated:—

As he was borne from the field of battle towards the camp, he became faint, and asked for water, which was brought to him, but when about to drink, he observed the eye of a dying soldier gazing fixedly on the glass, and resigned it to him, saying, "thy necessity is yet greater than mine." Noble and heroic words that will outlast time. In the short intervals which he spared during his confinement from severe exercises of piety, Sydney wrote verses on his wound, and made his will at uncommon length, and with the most scrupulous attention. Sir Fulke Greville says of that instrument:—"This will of his, will ever remain for a witness to the world that those sweet and large, even dying affections in him, could no more be contrasted with the narrowness of pain, grief, or sickness, than any sparkle of immortality can be privately buried in the shadow of death."

Sir Philip Sydney died on the 15th October, 1586. His *Acadia* appeared in 1590; as also *Astrophel and Stella*. The *Defence of Poesy* was first printed in 1591. Besides these he wrote various other works.

The figure which adorns a niche in the Buffet, displays Sir Philip Sydney in armour, typical of the military achievements that added such lustre to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to which he largely contributed.

The young warrior, bareheaded, is leaning on his sword. His noble and expansive features are skilfully developed, and accurately resembling the curious and original portrait of Sydney, in the possession of the Earl of Warwick, at Warwick Castle.

Through the kindness of Lord de Lisle, Messrs Cookes were allowed to make an exact copy of Sir Philip's sword, which is still preserved at Penshurst, and is shewn to the visitors of that charming old English mansion. The shape is singular. The handle is about sixteen inches long, the cross piece represents a ragged staff, with figures of the bear (the Leicester cognizance,) at the extremities. At each side of the blade, above the handle, is a description of short spike.

On the opposite side of the same pedestal will be recognised

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

whose brilliant and varied accomplishments entitle him to an emi-

nent position in almost every branch of science and literature; but it is chiefly in his capacity of historian that he is here represented to illustrate the glories of the Elizabethan period.

He is arrayed in a courtier's dress, in which he is most usually represented in his portraits, and the elaborately-carved figure displays him in an attitude of deep thought, with a scroll and pencil in his hand.

Sir Robert Naunton says of Sir Walter Raleigh:—

"He had in the outward man a good presence and well compacted person; a strong natural wit, and a better judgment; with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage; and to these he had the adjuncts of some general learning, which by diligence he enforced to a great augmentation and perfection, for he was an indefatigable reader, and whether on sea or land, none of the least observers, both of men and the times."

At the period that Raleigh was well received at Court in consequence of his talents and sagacity, he devoted his serious attention exclusively to maritime discovery and speculation.

In 1583, at the age of thirty-one years, he sailed towards Newfoundland, as Vice-Admiral of a fleet of four ships. The expedition was unfortunate; yet in the following year Raleigh laid a plan before the Queen and Council for another, and by a grant dated the 25th March, 1584, he was allowed "free liberty to discover such remote heathen and barbarous lands as were not actually possessed by any Christian, nor inhabited by Christian people." He now fitted out two ships for the Gulf of Florida, and the fruit of the voyage was the discovery of Virginia, so named after the maiden monarch. In 1588, Raleigh distinguished himself in the great overthrow of the Spanish Armada; and in 1589 he sailed with Norris and Drake to Portugal, to restore Don Antonio to the throne of that country.

While thus engaged abroad, distinctions were lavishly bestowed upon him in his own country. In 1584, he received the honor of knighthood, was elected to serve in Parliament, and received a lucrative patent for licensing the sale of wines throughout the nation; besides a grant of twelve thousand acres of land in the counties of Cork and Waterford; as also other favours and emoluments.

No man of his time surpassed him in magnificent display. He tilted in silver armour, wearing a sword and belt studded with diamonds, rubies, and pearls; appeared at court on solemn occasions covered with jewels to the value of seventy thousand pounds; and his retinue and table were maintained with proportionate splendour. In 1595, he sailed for Guiana, and returning the same year, he was appointed soon afterwards, Admiral, by Queen Elizabeth.

After a series of strange fortunes and vicissitudes, Raleigh became an object of suspicion at the fickle court, and in 1603, he was arraigned on a charge of high treason, for having been engaged in the conspiracy to place Arabella Stuart on the throne. Notwithstanding his courageous and manly defence, and the ready wit and judgment which he displayed, which renders this trial one of the most interesting on record, he was found guilty, and sentenced to death, but was afterwards reprieved and committed to the Tower, where he remained twelve years. There, it is well known, he became an historian, a philosopher, and poet; raising a fame for almost universal science, equal to his former reputation for arms and enterprise.

In 1616, he was at length released, and immediately undertook a new voyage to Guiana; and King James, in the hope of personal gain, granted him the commission of Admiral. By the artifices of Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, he was however, betrayed; and found, on his arrival there, a superior force of Spaniards ready to receive him. He attempted to force a passage, but was defeated, his eldest son being killed while bravely fighting.

The terrified James caused Raleigh to be arrested on his return to London from this unfortunate expedition; and he was once more imprisoned in the Tower on the former charge of high treason, and after a solemn mockery of justice, he was beheaded at Westminster, in 1618, at the age of 66, having been born in 1552. "Authors are perplexed," says Antony Wood, "under what topic to place him; whether of statesman, seaman, soldier, chemist, or chronologer, for in all these he did excel."

In Aubrey's correspondence there are some curious particulars of Sir Walter Raleigh:—"He was a tall, handsome, bold man, but damnably proud. In the great parlour at Downton, at Mr. Raleigh's, is a good piece, an original, of Sir Walter, in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck. He had a most remarkable aspect; an exceeding high forehead, and sour eye-lidded."

On the left pedestal to the inner side of the Buffet, is the figure of

SHAKESPERE.

The great dramatist is represented in a reflecting mood; his whole attitude combining graceful ease and dignity, with that noble intellectual cast of features so indicative of genius.

This, in itself, as a work of art is highly meritorious, both in point of execution and design, (note G.) Most of the statuettes of Shakespere have signally failed in conveying a true impression of the poet's countenance. They have either been servile copies of very questionable portraits, or they have lacked that air of mental superiority so peculiarly the attribute of Shakespere.

"For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspirations keen,
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespere thine, and Nature's boast?"

It is not by any means unreasonable to suppose that Shakespere was present at the Kenilworth Pageant of 1575. He was then eleven years of age, living in the near vicinity of the spot, and



The House at Stratford-on-Avon in which Shakespere was born.

although his juvenile habits and associations are comparatively

unknown, still we may judge from his character, and the traditional hardihood of his early career, that an event of so much importance as the Queen's visit to the county, with all the splendour that accompanied these costly demands upon the hospitality of her subjects, was not likely to pass unnoticed by the imaginative Shakespere. The niche, therefore, consecrated to the poet, has a two-fold interest in connection with the Kenilworth Buffet.

Although the details of the life of Shakespere are scanty, (for, indifferent to future fame, the poet neglected to preserve, or destroyed all memoranda connected with his own career and writings,) still they have been so often recounted and commented upon, that it is useless to enter into any lengthened biography; suffice it to say, he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, a few miles from Kenilworth Castle, in the county of Warwick, on the 23rd of April, 1564, of parents in easy condition, and he received the rudiments of education in the Free Grammar School of his native town. The poet married at an early age, Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman residing at Shottery, a village in the immediate neighbourhood of his residence, and by whom he had three children before he was out of his minority; two daughters, who survived him, and a son, Hammet, who died in 1596.

Merely alluding to the traditionary, and much questioned account of a deer stalking exploit, ascribed to Shakespere, and the scene of which has been laid at Charlecote Park, near Stratford, then belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy; and to escape the consequences of which, it is said, he fled to London; we will mention the visit of the great dramatist to the metropolis; his connection with the theatres, and particularly the "Globe," of which he obtained the management, in conjunction with others. Becoming thus conversant with the machinery of the stage, and its language, Shakespere produced those magnificent conceptions which are still the marvel of the world. He received the warm patronage of the Earl of Southampton, to whom the "Venus and Adonis," a poem, first printed in 1593, was dedicated; and Queen Elizabeth, it is asserted, took the most marked delight in seeing his plays represented, and at her suggestions, the Merry Wives of Windsor was written. (note H.) King James also wrote a complimentary letter to him with his own hand.

In London he acquired a considerable property, and retired, some few years before his death, to Stratford-upon-Avon, where he resided in a house purchased by himself and called New Place, the site of which is now a garden. He died there on the 23rd day of April, 1616, being the anniversary of his 52nd year, and his remains were interred in the chancel of the Parish Church of Stratford, where a monument was erected to his memory, and is still in excellent preservation.

Dr. Johnson, in his character of the great dramatist, says:—"Shakespere is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life.

His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, and practiced by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions, or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity; such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole

system of life is continued in motion; in the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespere it is commonly a species.

It is from the wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespere with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. The composition of Shakespere is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious varieties, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness.

Shakespere opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in exhaustless plenty; though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

The last figure we have to notice in connection with the Kenilworth Buffet, is

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

the first Englishman by whom the honor of circumnavigating the whole of the known world had ever been enjoyed. The bold and hardy features indicate the fearless and enterprising character of the distinguished seaman.

An anchor is appropriately introduced, emblematic of his naval career, and the costume chosen is a court dress.

Drake was of mean origin, and born at Tavistock, in 1554. In early manhood he became purser of a merchant ship trading to Spain, and made a voyage to Guiana. He soon attracted the notice of Sir John Hawkins, and was, in 1567, appointed by that celebrated navigator, captain of a ship named the *Judith*, in which he accompanied Hawkins to South America, and distinguished himself in the exploits which were the issue of that expedition. Drake returned to England, and his reputation becoming known, he fitted out a small expedition against the Spanish colonies. In 1573, he sailed from Plymouth, in company with another vessel, commanded by his brother. On board these ships, which were of very moderate burthen, he had only seventy-three persons in all, men and boys, and yet with this slender force he stormed the town of Nombre de Dios, in the isthmus of Darien, and soon afterwards seized that of Vera Cruz, and returned laden with immense wealth. He was received with rapture; and with his share of the riches fitted out at his own cost, three frigates, with which he sailed to Ireland, and, according to Stowe, performed many glorious actions there. Drake, in his last American voyage, had formed an imperfect outline of the enterprise which has immortalized his name. "He had descried," says Camden, "from some mountains, the south sea, and hereupon he was so vehemently transported, that falling on his knees, he implored the divine assistance that he might at some time or other sail thither and make a perfect discovery of the same." In 1577 he was enabled to accomplish this desire, with a fleet of five ships, containing in the whole no more than one hundred and sixty-four men. The details of this celebrated voyage are so well known, that it is useless entering into the subject. Drake returned to England in 1580, where the most extravagant ovations awaited him. Queen Elizabeth dined on board his ship, at Deptford, and conferred upon him the honor of knighthood.

In 1585, Drake was appointed to the command of twenty-one ships of war, with eleven thousand soldiers on board, and he sailed to the West Indies, sacking the towns of St. Jago and St. Domingo, and passing on to the coast of Florida, where he took Carthagena.

In 1587, he was dispatched with four of the largest ships in the Queen's navy, to which the merchants of London added twenty-six vessels, to Spain, and in the Bay of Cadiz dispersed and crippled a fleet which lay there completely equipped, under orders to proceed to Lisbon, the appointed *rendezvous* for the grand Armada, (misnamed the invincible,) destroying more than a hundred of their store ships and superior vessels.

In the ever memorable service of the following year, Drake, whom Queen Elizabeth had appointed Vice-Admiral under Lord Howard of Effingham, had the chief share. His sagacity, activity, and undaunted courage, were equally conspicuous in the series of mighty actions which composed it; and the terrible vengeance experienced by the dispersed and flying Armada, was principally inflicted by his division of the fleet.

In 1595, war still continuing with Spain, Drake left Plymouth with a fleet of twenty-seven vessels, under the direction of himself and Sir John Hawkins, to destroy Nombre de Dios, march a small army to Panama, and sieze the Spanish treasure they had reason to suppose had arrived there from Peru; but the expedition was unfortunate. Hawkins, it is said, died of a broken heart amidst these reverses; and Drake barely survived them, being carried off by dysentery on the 28th January, 1596.

Drake's character, it has been observed, was remarkable not alone for those constitutional qualities of valor, industry, capacity, and enterprize which the history of his exploits would naturally lead us to infer, but for virtues founded on principle and reflection. He was sober and diligent, of unimpeachable veracity, and his private life religiously pure and spotless. His victories have been equalled, nay, surpassed by modern Admirals, but his generosity has never been rivalled.

The representation of Sir Francis Drake is taken from a fine ivory carving in the possession of Charles Redfern, Esq., (the present Mayor of Warwick,) to whom the lovers of the Fine Arts are so much indebted for the rare and beautiful collection of antiquarian relics, thrown open for their inspection with the greatest courtesy by this gentleman, and who, it may be added, has also evinced a lively interest in the Kenilworth Buffet throughout its progress.

In every detail, however minute, the designers of this splendid Buffet have sustained the identity of the subjects which it illustrates, namely, Kenilworth and its associations. It is, indeed, a monument worthy of the fame which history and romance have alike spread around the beautiful Castle, fast hastening to decay, but the memory of which will perish only with time.

Even the ragged staff mouldings of the Buffet are imitations of the best examples that ornament the Beauchamp Chapel, at Warwick, where Leicester himself is interred, as before mentioned; and more particularly those devices which surround the tomb of his infant heir, "the noble impe," Dudley, Baron of Denbigh.

The supporters to the projecting shelves of the Buffet, which constitute one of the principal features in these articles of furniture of the Elizabethan period, represent the proud crest of the Earl of Leicester, the bear and ragged staff, "which," says Rous, (the

Warwickshire antiquary, and chantry priest of Guy's Cliff,) "was taken from the name of one of the British Earls of Warwick, Arthgal, which signifies in the British language, a bear; and when another British Earl, Morvi, had vanquished a giant in a duel, with a young tree plucked up by the roots, and stripped of its branches, in token of that event to the bear was added the ragged staff."

This crest, a bear erect, argent, muzzled, gules, supporting a ragged staff of the first, borne from the most remote periods by the Earls of Warwick, was assumed by the Earl of Leicester, from his connection with that family through the houses of De Lisle and Beauchamp, and was brought into the Dudley branch by his mother, Elizabeth Talbot. In 1561, Ambrose Dudley, the elder brother of Robert, was made Earl of Warwick, and consequently the badge was then introduced, but he dying without issue, and the estates eventually falling to the Greville family, a special grant to resume this crest of the bear and ragged staff was made in favor of Francis Greville, Earl of Warwick, bearing date April 2, 1760. (note i.)

Sir Walter Scott makes the following allusion to this crest in his novel of Kenilworth:—

"Nay, by my honour, my lord," said the Queen, laughing, "you have described the whole so admirably, that, had we never seen a bear-baiting, as we have beheld many, and hope, with heaven's allowance, to see many more, your words were sufficient to put the whole Bear-garden before our eyes—But come, who speaks next in this case?—My Lord of Leicester, what say you?"

"Am I then to consider myself as unmuzzled, please your Grace?" replied Leicester.

"Surely, my lord—that is, if you feel hearty enough to take part in our game," answered Elizabeth; "and yet, when I think of your cognizance of the bear and ragged staff, methinks we had better hear some less partial orator."

"Nay, on my word, gracious Princess," said the Earl, "though my brother Ambrose of Warwick and I do carry the ancient cognizance your Highness deigns to remember, I nevertheless desire nothing but fair play on all sides; or, as they say, 'fight dog, fight bear.'"

One of the small panels of the Kenilworth Buffet, behind the Leicester cognizance, contains a monogram of the eventful year 1851, with the cipher of the reigning monarch, designed to record to future times one of the most remarkable epochs in the world's history, the era of the GRAND EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS!

Around the door panels of the Kenilworth Buffet the designers considered it appropriate to represent the almost only remaining portion of the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, the architectural details of which can still be traced, viz., the porch of the Gate House, built by the Earl of Leicester, an indication of which may be seen by the introduction of the initial letters R. L. in the ragged staff character, forming the spandrels, and which are again observed surmounting the shelves on either side.

The upper part above the shelf of each pedestal of the Buffet, displays the monogram of the Earl of Leicester, encircled by the insignia of the Order of the Garter, and surmounted by his coronet, as may still be observed on the "curiouslie wrought" alabaster chimney piece now in the Gate House before mentioned, and which is supposed to have stood formerly in the Presence Chamber of the Castle.

The decorations on each side are beautiful specimens of Elizabethan ornaments, which have been expressly designed by the proprietors, with much discrimination to the object in view, and in strict accordance with the period this Buffet is designed to illustrate.

An important feature in the production of this work of art, is the introduction, by Mr. Walter Cookes, of *pointing*, employed by stone and marble sculptors, and in this instance most successfully applied to wood; by this means greater accuracy in copying from the plaster model has been attained. Another peculiarity will also be remarked, the boldness and vigor which distinguish every touch of the sculptor's chisel, affording a striking contrast to the slight, however elegant details, which accompany the same description of articles manufactured abroad.

To one accustomed to wood carving, (or, in this instance, it may be said, *sculpture* of wood,) these remarks may be corroborated, by directing attention to the various minute details of the Kenilworth Buffet. The ragged staff moulding will bear the closest scrutiny; as, also, the beautiful finish of the collar on the figure of Sir Francis Drake; the exquisite *contour* of Sydney's countenance; and the intellectual repose which distinguishes the representation of the Warwickshire Bard.

The same care and rigid adherence to correct taste has been bestowed throughout; it will even be remarked that the proprietors have not followed the very general and improper plan of staining and darkening the oak, but have adhered to the true old custom of leaving the wood to darken by age.

The figures of the horses, also, in the centre panel, deserve to rank among the finest specimens of modern art, certainly as far as our country is concerned.

The designers may, therefore, be congratulated upon their exertions, so admirably and successfully employed, in maintaining the reputation of England in works of art at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

No genuine specimen of wood carving on a grand scale has ever been produced in this country, under circumstances of, we may fairly term it, greater *patriotism* than the sumptuous Kenilworth Buffet, completed by these gentlemen, despite all difficulties, at their own expense, with the view of proving to the world what the skill of our land can produce by proper and liberal direction; for it is entirely the work of native artists, whose names deserve to be recorded and identified with this truly national monument of art, upon which their talents have been so admirably displayed. (note k.)

The designers have also been signally happy in selecting a subject so truly English, and one that all true lovers of their country must appreciate.

We may be permitted to add a few observations on English art, which suggest themselves from an inspection of the Kenilworth Buffet.

We will willingly admit that the intelligent skill of our workmen in this art is capable of attaining the greatest excellence, but hitherto impediments of every kind have prevented such progress, not to mention the apathy with which labours of this description are regarded in our country, and the too frequent want of a judicious and substantial encouragement of works of this magnitude and character, a more than probable risk attending such undertakings on private speculation, and possibly, in many cases, with too limited means. What might be done in wood

carving by extended patronage is evident from this splendid work which has been produced by the liberal spirit and energy of the Messrs. Cookes alone, at their own risk, and unaided by any commission.

Schools of art are also essentially necessary to develop the dormant talents of our native artists. The writer of a pamphlet lately published, justly observes, "Not only have we been neglectful in our legislative duties to the manufacturing interests, as compared with our neighbours; (note L.) but in other important respects, especially as regards the early training of our artizans, we are left completely at a distance. We have already remarked upon the attention which France has studiously paid to the education of her artizans, by uniformly establishing schools of design in all her centres of industry; and although such prudent provision may partly arise from political necessity, the limited means of France to afford employment to her population, as compared to England, whose vast wealth and resources create a host of occupations, either at home or in the colonies, still it has maintained the excellence of her *special* industry, and enabled her to keep a large amount of the most excitable portion of her people in almost constant and profitable employment.

The love of art thus early inculcated in the rising mind of France, becomes a portion of its existence. It grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength; the young student enters early on the study of nature in general; of the human form; of the figures of animals, of foliage, and flowers; and also of architecture, color, and the most exquisite ancient models, (especially those in which utility is united with elegance,) all of which are turned to good account when it becomes a duty to take an active part in the world for a livelihood. Not only as a means of acquiring a livelihood ought the study of the arts to be followed, but also as a source of moral improvement, on which account it forms a most valuable branch of education to every intelligent being.

By always having specimens of excellence before his eyes, or to which he can easily refer, the taste of the artizan becomes cultivated and improved; he then learns to contemplate objects of beauty with delight, and habitually and instinctively discriminates between them and works of inferior merit."

These ideas of the beautiful thus acquired by our volatile neighbours, are what our native workmen are mostly deficient of; and it is to be hoped that the Government and people of our country will unite in assisting the formation of institutions, of a popular and useful character, where the art of design may be a leading point of education; and the British operative, already superior in manual ability, may become equally excellent in his conceptions of taste, and the true principles of art. Owing to the depressed condition of art in England, our best artists and sculptors have devoted their attention almost exclusively to the higher branches of study, and have observed a too wide distance between what they consider the principal regions of art, and the intermediary space. One may be equally as capable of exhibiting superior taste in the production of an article of ordinary domestic utility, as another who displays his talents in a bas-relief, a piece of statuary, or a painting, upon the walls of a palace; and the disdain with which the latter might regard the unpretending *main d'œuvre* of his brother student, engenders jealous and illiberal feelings, equally as hostile to the progress of art, as the want of encouragement in the Government and people. We may support our last observations,

by stating, what will scarcely be credited in the present instance: that one of the artists engaged upon the Buffet, whose talents had been usually employed upon works of high merit, after having commenced his labours, he became doubtful whether he was not depreciating his reputation by working upon merely an article of domestic use, and enquired of one of the most distinguished sculptors of the present day, whether he was acting right in so doing, and if the execution of certain details in the artist's design, would not deteriorate from the consideration in which his skill had hitherto been held! The answer he received was prompt, decisive, and honorable to the discerning taste of the party in question:—

"Proceed,—for it is a noble undertaking, and eminently worthy of your talents!"

We regret to say that art, in the true sense of the word, is scarcely yet appreciated in England. Too much partiality is shewn for particular branches, while the others are indifferently encouraged, or altogether neglected. In the former category may be mentioned paintings, which enjoy almost exclusive popularity, while the efforts of our sculptors, owing to the paucity of means employed for their development, are but lightly esteemed.

The want of public and government patronage in our country has already been mentioned as a reason for this depreciation; and it is to be hoped, for the honor of England, that a more liberal and enlightened spirit will speedily remove this stigma from the national character.

At the present time large, and apparently extravagant sums are constantly given for pictures; and, although it is not sought to be inferred that such works of art are overpaid, still it should be remembered that equal talents can be directed to articles of utility, the production of which might engage the combined efforts of the most able sculptors.

This is to be regretted, because the same comparative amount of labour and intelligence is required in all the departments of art, and, in most cases of manual skill, the aid of judgment and taste is essential, and without these no work can be perfect. A painting on canvas, a sculpture in marble, or carving in wood, convey, through the same sense, certain effects to the mind, and, allowing such to be the case, it is but fair that the genius displayed in each should have an equivalent value. Yet we observe the large amount of two or three thousand pounds is paid to an artist for a single painting, while it would sound strangely if we heard of half such a sum being paid for an article of furniture, however beautiful and original the design, and costly the workmanship might be. It may well be enquired why this should happen, and wherefore are distinctions so invidiously made to the obvious detriment of art? Bas and alto relievos require the same careful study as paintings on canvas. It is necessary to provide models; and a certain amount of toil and mental exercise is essential to adapt them to the object in view, according to the nature of the production, simple or elaborate, there must be the necessary artists and workmen capable of realizing the ideas sought to be conveyed. Many difficulties have to be surmounted, and the value of such works can be estimated, therefore, only by the success and the amount of labour attending them. When talents are conspicuously displayed, it may reasonably be expected that the same liberality in the purchase of a picture, would be equally merited by an article of simple domestic use, where richness of design and skilful execution are alike combined.

We do, therefore, hope that however fashion may influence the patronage of certain departments of art, good sense will discriminate between what is meretricious, and what is good in all; and that no branch of the Fine Arts will be considered subordinate, or of lesser value, when ability and good taste have alike contributed to render it excellent; and with our best wishes for the success of the *Grand Exposition of 1851*, let us conclude with the words of that illustrious Prince to whom we are all so much indebted:—"I conceive it to be the duty of every educated person closely to watch and study the time in which he lives, and, as far as in him lies, to add his humble mite of individual exertion to further the accomplishment of what he believes Providence to have ordained. Nobody, however, who has paid any attention to the particular features of our present era will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end—to which indeed all history points—the realization of the unity of mankind. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity the result and product of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities. The distances which separated the different nations and parts of the globe are gradually vanishing before the achievements of modern invention, and we can traverse them with incredible speed; the languages of all nations are known, and their acquirement placed within the reach of everybody; thought is communicated with the rapidity, and even by the power of lightning. On the other hand, the great principle of the division of labor, which may be called the moving power of civilization, is being extended to all branches of science, industry, and art. Whilst formerly the greatest mental energies strove at universal knowledge, and that knowledge was confined to the few, now they are directed to specialties, and in these again even to the

minutest points. But the knowledge acquired becomes at once the property of the community at large; whilst, formerly discovery was wrapt in secrecy, it results from the publicity of the present day that no sooner is a discovery or invention made than it is already improved upon and surpassed by competing efforts. The products of all quarters of the globe are placed at our disposal, and we have only to choose which is the best and cheapest for our purposes, and the powers of production are intrusted to the stimulus of competition and capital. So man is approaching a more complete fulfilment of that great and sacred mission which he has to perform in this world. His reason being created after the image of God, he has to use it to discover the laws by which the Almighty governs His creation, and, by making these laws his standard of action, to conquer nature to his use—himself a divine instrument. Science discovers these laws of power, motion, and transformation; industry applies them to the raw matter which the earth yields us in abundance, but which becomes valuable only by knowledge; art teaches us the immutable laws of beauty and symmetry, and gives to our productions forms in accordance with them. The Exhibition of 1851 is to give us a true test and a living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind has arrived in this great task, and a new starting point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions. I confidently hope that the first impression which the view of this vast collection will produce on the spectator will be that of deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the blessings which he has bestowed upon us already here below; and the second, the conviction that they can only be realized in proportion to the help which we are prepared to render to each other,—therefore only by peace, love, and ready assistance, not only between individuals, but between all nations of the earth."



NOTES

TO THE

Kenilworth Buffet.

Note A, p. 5. ROBERT LANEHAM.

Little is known of Robert Laneham, save in his curious letter to a friend in London, giving an account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainments at Kenilworth, written in a style of the most intolerable affectation, both in point of composition and orthography. He describes himself as a *bon vivant*, who was wont to be jolly and dry in the morning, and by his good will would be chiefly in the company of the ladies. He was, by the interest of Lord Leicester, Clerk of the Council Chamber door, and also keeper of the same. "When Council sits," says he, "I am at hand. If any make a babbling, *Peace*, say I. If I see a listener or a pryer in at the lockhole, I am presently on the bones of him. If a friend comes, I make him sit down by me on a form or chest. The rest may walk, a God's name!" There has seldom been a better portrait of the pragmatic conceit and self-importance of a small man in office.

Note B, p. 9. MORTIMER'S TOWER.

"Doubtless so named by the Earl of Leicester, in memory of one more ancient that stood there formerly, wherein, as I guess, either the Lord Mortimer, at the time of that great and solemn tilting, (1279,) did lodge, or else because Sir John Mortimer, prisoner here in Henry the fifth's time, was detained therein."—*Dugdale*.

Note C, p. 9. THE QUEEN'S RUFF.

Stubbes, in his "Anatomic of Abuses," 1583, wages war against this article of dress:—"They have," he says, "great and monstrous ruffles, made either of cambricke, holland, lawne, or els of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter and a half deepe; yea, some more, very few lesse; so that they stand a full quarter of a yarde, (and more) from their necks, hanging over their shoulder points, instead of a vaile. But if Eolus with his blasts, or Neptune with his storms, chauce to hit upon the crasie bark of their brused ruffles, then they goeth flip-flap in the winde, like ragges that flew abroad."

Note D, p. 9. THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, WARWICK.

This sumptuous mortuary chapel of the Earls of Warwick has been often described, but we cannot leave the subject without adverting to its principal beauties. The building is attached to the fine old Collegiate Church of St. Mary's, Warwick; and, luckily for the lovers of antiquity, it escaped the great fire of 1694, which destroyed nearly the whole of the town, not sparing the tower and body of the church, which were laid in ashes, but soon afterwards rebuilt from a design by Sir William Wilson. The sculptor seems to have exhausted the treasures of his art upon this chapel; so rich and elaborate are its ornaments. It was commenced in the reign of Henry the Sixth, but not completed until twenty-one years afterwards. The founder, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, intended it as the receptacle for his own tomb, which occupies the centre of the structure, and is one of the most superb monuments of this description to be met with.

The great noble is represented in a recumbent position, and in complete armour of fine latten brass gilt, beneath a herse of the same metal. The various accompaniments to the figure are of the highest skill and beauty.

Besides this monument and that of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, before alluded to, there is an altar tomb to the memory of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, brother of the latter, and who survived him but a few months. History gratefully records him to posterity as the *good* Earl, for his virtuous and blameless career. Near to him lies the noble "*impe*" of the haughty Leicester; an infant represented in a long gown, with a circlet of jewels round his head.

On the other side of the chapel is a small oratory or chantry of the most finished elegance, with a groined roof, fan drapery ceiling, and windows opening into the Beauchamp Chapel.

Note E, p. 9. THE EARL OF LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK.

To this brief notice of the Earl of Leicester may be added a pleasing association connected with his memory which still exists, namely, the hospital for infirm men, founded by him in Warwick, and affording a liberal provision for a master and twenty brethren; the annual allowance to each of the latter being £80, besides the many privileges of this house. In the Act of Incorporation Lord Leicester calls it his "*Maison Dieu*," which will probably account for the gate-posts being entwined with texts of Scripture, whilst other texts are conspicuously scattered through the ancient building, reminding its occupants of their relative moral duties and religious obligations. The present master is the Rev. H. B. Shelley Harris, a cousin of the late Lord de Lisle's, and the first of Lord Leicester's family who has presided over the Earl's foundation.

It is curious to observe that the badges of the bear and ragged staff now worn by the brethren of the hospital, are those which were used by the first brethren appointed by the noble founder, with the exception of one stolen about twenty years since. The names of the original possessors and 1571 are engraved upon them.

Note F, p. 14. MONUMENT TO FULKE GREVILLE, AFTERWARDS LORD BROOKE.

This stately but heavy monument, consisting of a sarcophagus, surmounted by a double canopy supported by Corinthian columns, is still in complete preservation, and occupies the Chapter house, north of the choir of St. Mary's Church, Warwick.

Sir Fulke Greville, afterwards created Lord Brooke, was an eminent patron of learning, and a generous and amiable man. He restored Warwick Castle to more than its ancient splendour, expending upon it upwards of £20,000.

Besides a life of Sir Philip Sydney, Lord Brooke wrote several other works, some of considerable literary merit.

Note G, p. 16. THE DRAWINGS FOR THE ENGRAVERS OF THE BUFFET.

Nothing is more difficult than for the draftsman to portray every delicate touch of the sculptor; it is, however, in this instance, fortunate that the designers of the Buffet should have obtained the assistance of Mr. Dwyer, of Poland Street, who has in his drawings retained all the spirit of the original.

Note H, p. 16. SCOTT'S ANACHRONISM RESPECTING SHAKESPEARE.

Sir Walter Scott's anachronism in introducing Shakespere into the novel of Kenilworth as the *player* and writer of dramas, when he could but have been a mere child, is well known, as also the allusion to the poem of "Venus and Adonis" in the same work, when, as stated in the text, it was only first printed in 1593.

Note I, p. 18. THE EARLS OF WARWICK.

We cannot allude to these potent nobles, many of whom have exercised great influence over the destinies of our country, without a few observations, more especially as it is in some measure identified with our subject. Passing over the credulous Rous, and his fabulous origin of this Earldom, and merely noticing the redoubted Guy Earl of Warwick—who

"So many wond'rous things did do,
As staggered faith, and non-plussed reason too!"

And whose adventures are so intensely interesting to nurse-maids and precocious children, we arrive at the period of the Conquest, when Henry de Newburgh, a gallant Norman warrior, became Earl of Warwick. To his family succeeded John de Plessetis and William Manduit, and afterwards the Beauchamps, brave and powerful barons, one of whom, Richard, was appointed by Henry the Sixth, Governor of France, and died at Rouen in 1439; His son was created Duke of Warwick. Then came Nevil, the stout Earl of Warwick, distinguished by the appellation of King maker; and afterwards, his son-in-law, the unfortunate Duke of Clarence, whose partiality to malmsey wine is matter of history, and a tragical one too.

To the Plantagenets succeeded the Dudleys, in the person of the plotting Duke of Northumberland, whose ambition cost him his life, and Ambrose

Dudley, the good Earl of Warwick, whose virtues and honorable services procured him the benefit of a reversion of his father's attainder, and secured him the princely estate of Warwick Castle.

In default of issue the Rich family became possessors of these dignities; succeeded for the same reason by the Grevilles, (2nd James I.) represented by the amiable and accomplished Sir Fulke Greville, who, according to Dugdale, "made Warwick Castle not only a place of great strength, but extraordinary delight; with most pleasant gardens, walks, and thickets, so that it is the most princely seat within the midland parts of this realm." Improvements thus magnificently commenced have been perfected with the utmost good taste by his descendants to the present day. By this care Warwick Castle, "that fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which yet remains uninjured by time," may still bid defiance to age, and renew the scenes of its olden glory by the princely hospitality and munificent charity of its noble owners.

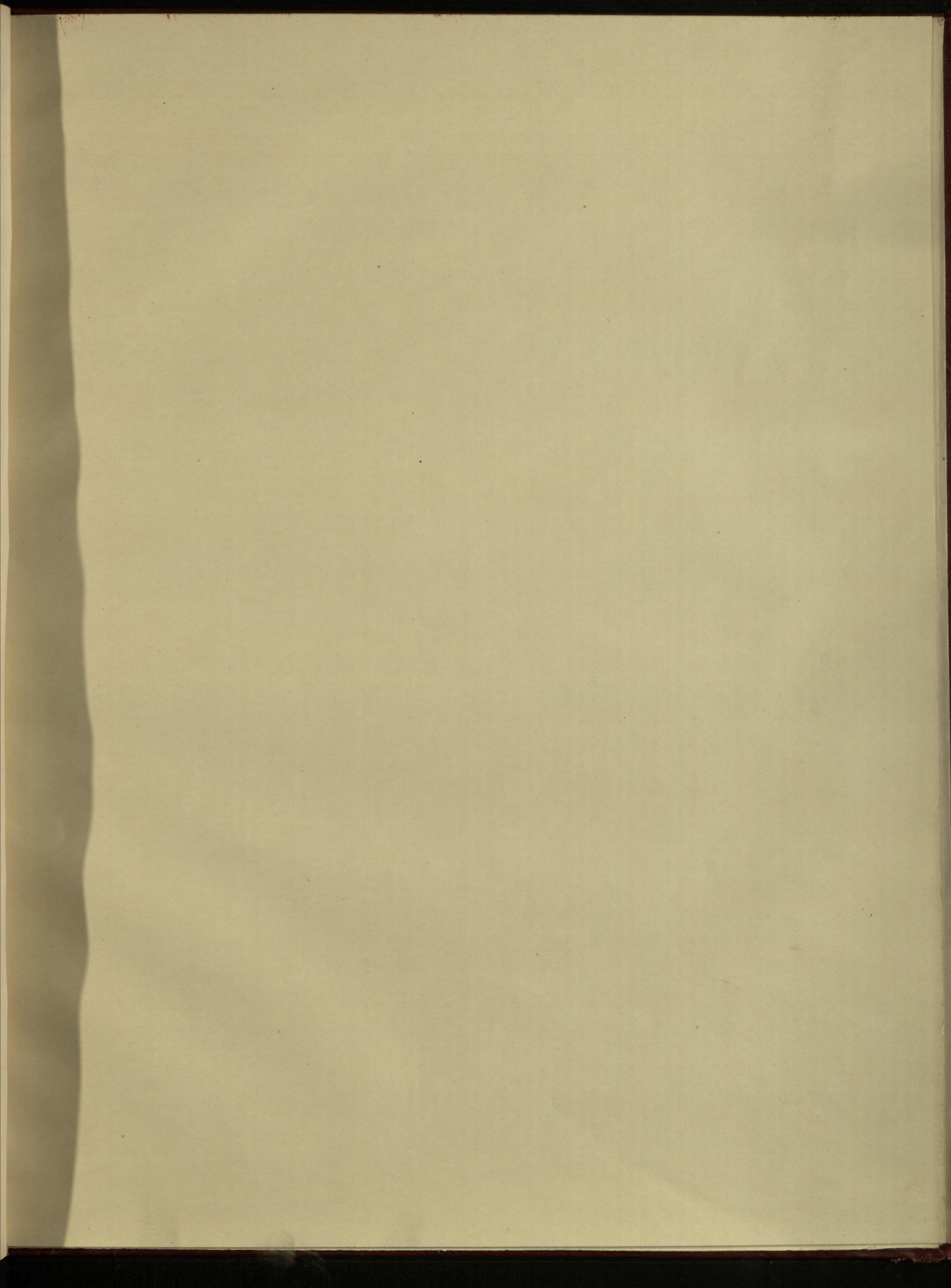
The reader who is curious in history, will find an interesting account of this feudal residence in a work published by Mr. H. T. Cooke, of Warwick, to whom the county at large is much indebted for his costly and beautiful additions to its archæological literature.

Note K, p. 18. NAMES OF THOSE EMPLOYED UPON THE BUFFET.

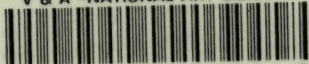
They are, Messrs. Carleton M'Carthy, T. Smith, F. U. Conolly, J. Lake, D. Dunbar, Tristram, Bonehill, Moore, Reeve, &c. &c.

Note L, p. 19. SCHOOLS OF ART IN FRANCE.

Gratuitous schools of art have long been established in all the central points of industry by the French. In Paris they are to be found in every one of the twelve arrondissements into which that city is divided. Indeed, the arts form a portion of the education of all Catholic children of the working classes. Young men during their apprenticeship, and adults even, can continue their studies at evening schools, in most of which prizes are awarded to the best productions, irrespective of the age or condition of the producer.—"*The Great Exhibition of 1851*," published by Edward Churton, 1850.



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